FEB 18 1974

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Isolation

Dear Harold,

A lot has happened since I last wrote you but here I am back in solitary again. This time for calling "Top Badge" (Lt. Knight) a pig mother fucker - well he is. Also a bunch of inmates decided to beat my brains out so I'm in here with a fractured skull (right over my left ear) and blood is all the time running out of my ear. Have you ever tried to eat a plate of beans with blood running down your face - dripping off your chin into your food? Well if I didn't realize that blood was so full of protien, it'd freak me out. The Doctor here that I saw Friday wanted to send me to the hospital but Top Badge said no. He's so sweet - that pig mother Fucker.

I did some writing in here last time and the pigs got a hold of it and presented it to Sam Houston University so how about that number.

One of my favorite correspondants is Huey [redacted]. He's head of the Black Panther Party and spent 2 years in solitary. Through the mail, he is teaching me all about Zen Buddha meditations. He's a cool dude and you'd love him. He's kind of far out sometimes though.

What have you been up to lately? Before I got sent to solitary I had a job in the laundry room here. Of course my first day at work I unionized it. We worked for all the pig's free world coffee and their free world cigarettes. Even the pigs said the work got better even. I also got to and still get to steal every time I go to the office. I get a kick out of ripping off the pigs.

Well I got the Hurbs so had better close for now.

Love to You Both

T.